

THE  
Bloomfield Record.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

S. MORRIS HULIN, Editor and Proprietor.

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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1902.

FOR PRESIDENT.

BENJAMIN HARRISON.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT.

WHITELAW REID.

## The State Convention.

The call of the Essex County Republican Executive Committee, published elsewhere, announces the State Convention of the Republican party to be held at Trenton, September 13th. The call should be read by every Republican, and the Ward primaries fully attended. Bloomfield will elect two delegates from the First, one from the Second and two from the Third Ward. These primaries will be held in the usual places next Friday evening.

As touching the choice of a candidate for Governor, we have from time to time mentioned the various names from whom the selection will probably be made. The choice of *The Record* has been and is Franklin Murphy of Newark. The best endorsement of Mr. Murphy that we have heard is by a prominent Bloomfield politician, who said that "Mr. Murphy was too good a man to nominate." If the time has come when the Republican party must stoop in order to conquer, then the time has about come to stay away from the primaries and polls and let the politicians in both parties have things all their own way. There has been too much of this already, in late years, the result of which is patent—political corruption, misgovernment, and impending anarchy.

The opportunity of the Republican party in New Jersey "is now or never," and that opportunity will be lost if "political policy" dictates any choice of a standard bearer in this juncture other than the best. We urge our Republican readers then to read the stirring words of the call, attend the primaries in full force, and choose at this fountain of government the best delegates the township can command. If all primaries do this, then not only will we, as the call reads, "elect a Republican to the office of Governor," but the best Republican, whoever he may be.

## Political Notes.

The Republican Committee of arrangements met at headquarters last Saturday night and appointed several sub-committees. They will hold another meeting to-morrow night.

The Essex County Republican Committee met last Friday night and made arrangements for the coming primaries, as advertised elsewhere in *The Record*. The primaries for the election of delegates to the State Convention will be held next Friday evening, September 13th. The Republican State Convention will be held in Trenton on Tuesday, Sept. 13th, and will nominate the candidate for Governor, together with the presidential electors from New Jersey.

In deference to the G. A. R. who go to Washington next week for the State convention, the Congressional Conventions will be held on September 23d; the primaries for which will be held September 16th.

The following call for the Democratic State Convention has been issued: "The Democratic voters of New Jersey are requested to meet at such times and places as may be designated by their local committees, to elect delegates to a State Convention, to be held at Taylor Opera House, in the city of Trenton, on Wednesday, September 14, 1902, at 12 o'clock M., for the purpose of selecting a candidate for Governor and candidates for presidential electors. The basis of representation will be one delegate for each 200 Democratic votes cast at the gubernatorial election of 1898, and one for each fraction of the same over 100; but each ward and township shall be entitled to at least one delegate."

Franklin Murphy appears to be gathering strength as a candidate for Governor. It looks as if he would have the support of Morris, Somerset, Passaic, Mercer and other counties. There has been some quiet talk of Mr. Walter Phelps as the candidate but we cannot tell how far it extends.

General Grubb is in the field, and his friends throughout the State. John Keen, Jr., friends are working hard for him.

The convention at Trenton will be a lively one and will doubtless unite on the strongest man the State has to put forward as the standard bearer of the Republican party.

Clouds continue to hang over the Democratic sky in the Fourth Congressional district and the storm in the counties may bring the nomination to one of the famous sons of Bloomfield or Glen Ridge—Rayner, Ruddy or Galloway.

There will be a meeting of the Republican Executive Committee of Bloomfield at Dodd's Hall next Tuesday evening.

The members of the Democratic County Committee from the townships of Essex in the Fourth Congressional District met with Colonel Price Tuesday night and fixed September 21st as the date for holding primaries for the election of delegates to the Congressional convention, which is to be held in Morristown next Tuesday.

## Republican County Committee of the County of Essex.

The Republican County Committee has issued a call for the State Convention to be held at Trenton on September 13, 1902, to place in nomination a Republican candidate for Governor and ten electors for President and Vice-President of the United States, to be supported at the coming election.

The Republican party of our commonwealth has now an opportunity to place itself in a position of real service to the whole people of the State. The avowed and avowed of the leaders of the party in power, their combination with monopolies, their extreme unequal and partisan measures, their quandering of the public money by the creation of new offices and increased salaries, their declaration of war upon protection to American industries, and their gross mismanagement of public affairs in general have done incalculable injury to our common interests, and are the best argument for their deposition from power. To elect a Republican to the office of Governor would be to correct a majority of these evils so far as they touch the administration of the State, and to give the Republican National Committee, and to change the political complexion of the House of Representatives would place the seal of disapproval on the Democratic administration of our industries.

The County Committee urges upon the Republican voters to attend the primary meetings now called, and to vote for the active men who have the confidence of the party by choice as delegates to the State Convention. There will of the party can be demonstrated only at the primaries, and its real choice of candidates can be ascertained only by a full attendance of the party vote. Our duty to our country and to our common interests requires us to aid in the selection of the convention delegates.

Primary meetings for the selection of delegates to the State Convention will be held in the several election districts of this county at such places as may be designated for the purpose by the Ward Executive Committee on Friday, the 13th day of September, eighteen hundred and ninety-two at 8 o'clock p.m. The number of delegates to which each election district is entitled is designated in the subjoined schedule.

CARL LENTZ, Chairman.

FRANK D. ABER, Secretary.

Dated August 26, 1892.

## First Ward.

1 Delegate

Second Ward.

2 Delegates

Third Ward.

1 Delegate

Fourth Ward.

1 Delegate

Fifth Ward.

1 Delegate

Sixth Ward.

2 Delegates

Seventh Ward.

2 Delegates

Eighth Ward.

2 Delegates

Ninth Ward.

2 Delegates

Tenth Ward.

2 Delegates

Eleventh Ward.

2 Delegates

Twelfth Ward.

2 Delegates

Thirteenth Ward.

2 Delegates

Fourteenth Ward.

2 Delegates

Fifteenth Ward.

2 Delegates

Sixteenth Ward.

2 Delegates

Seventeenth Ward.

2 Delegates

Eighteenth Ward.

2 Delegates

Nineteenth Ward.

2 Delegates

Twentieth Ward.

2 Delegates

Twenty-first Ward.

2 Delegates

Twenty-second Ward.

2 Delegates

Twenty-third Ward.

2 Delegates

Twenty-fourth Ward.

2 Delegates

Twenty-fifth Ward.

2 Delegates

Twenty-sixth Ward.

2 Delegates

Twenty-seventh Ward.

2 Delegates

Twenty-eighth Ward.

2 Delegates

Twenty-ninth Ward.

2 Delegates

Thirtieth Ward.

2 Delegates

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## Picking Out Thieves by Their Eyes.

The eye always indicates the character of the man. This is particularly true of thieves, for the expert detective can tell in almost every case whether or not a man is a thief by simply looking him squarely in the eye. A well known detective in speaking of this matter, said:

"Yes, I can pick out a thief every time. I can't tell you what it is that gives the man away except that it is the expression of the eye. In the first place, there are few thieves that will look you squarely in the eye unless they are obliged to do so. They will avoid your glance as long as they can, and even when they do face you and gaze steadily at you it is always with the same expression. Although their eyes may be wide open and the gaze apparently steady you will see, if you look closely that there is something away back through the cyner trying to avoid you. I have picked out numbers of thieves by this little dodging movement. I never saw a thief who was free from it."

"Everybody has met that man who resolutely refuses to meet a steady gaze for more than three or four seconds at a time. It is not fair to say that all such persons are dishonest. In many cases this peculiarity is a direct result of bashfulness. A little close observation will show the class to which they belong. The man whose eye is almost shaped is almost always dishonest at heart, if not in overt act. The eyes of some of the most notorious thieves in the country are of this pattern, and the expression given the face by this sort of eye is very striking."—Pittsburg Press.

Eugene Sue's Vanity. Notwithstanding the extraordinary literary success which he enjoyed when his works were the vogue, Eugene Sue proved much more of a man of fashion than a man of letters. After his dinner at the Cafe de Paris he would gravely stand on the steps smoking his cigar and listening to the conversation with an air of superiority without attempting to take part in it. His mind was supposed to be far away, devising schemes for the social and moral improvement of his fellow creatures. These philanthropic musings did not prevent him from paying a great deal of attention to his dress, perhaps to his personal appearance. For even in those days of beards, buckles and dandies, of Counts d'Orsay and others, men could not help thinking Eugene Sue over-dressed.

He rarely appeared without spurs to his boots, and he would no more have done without a new pair of white kid gloves every evening than without his dinner. Other men, like Nestor de Rougemont, Alfred de Musset and Major Fraser, did not care to let their gloves be cleaned, though the process was not so perfect as is now. Eugene Sue averred that the smell of cleaned gloves made him ill. The unhappy man finally fell into poverty, was quickly cashiered from his fashionable clubs and died in obscurity.—Chicago Post.

## Buddhist Ceremonies.

Some Buddhist ceremonies present striking analogy to certain Christian rites. Dr. Medhurst says: "The very titles of their intercessions, such as 'gods of mercy,' 'holy mother,' 'queen of heaven,' did not differ from the origin having a child in her arms holding a crescent, are all such striking coincidences that the Catholic missionaries were greatly stumbled at the resemblances between Chinese worship and their own when they came over to convert the natives to Christianity."—London Standard.

## Turpentine for Corns.

The cheapest and surest remedy for either hard or soft corns is turpentine. If a little of this is rubbed on a corn every evening for about two weeks the corn and roots will both come out of its own and will not reappear in any form. If the turpentine runs onto the adjoining skin it will cause a little soreness, but otherwise the remedy is as painless as it is efficient.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## Great Men Not Always Tall.

Louis the Great, less his high heeled shoes and towering wig, dwindles to about 5 feet 6, but even thus pared down to the inches nature gave him he was a giant compared with Sir Francis Drake and with Admiral Keppel—"Little Kipper," as every sailor in the fleet fondly dubbed him from pure love and admiration.—Gentleman's Magazine.

## Why the Negro Stands Heat.

The African is better protected against the evil effects of the excessive heat than his white brother in two ways. The texture of his cuticle is exceptionally well adapted to encourage free perspiration and his natural temperament does not incline him to borrow trouble largely.—Chicago Herald.

## How to Get a Postoffice.

There are a great many interesting facts and figures connected with post-offices and their masters. For instance, when a countryman is tired of walking or driving several miles for his mail and concludes that the government should bring it nearer, he should state that fact to the first assistant postmaster general, whose clerks will furnish him with instructions and a blank petition for the neighbors to sign. If he wants the new office bad enough to make the government think it a necessity, he will do it without fail. At the same time he will be told that in naming it prefixes such as "east," "center" and the like, the suffixes "borough," "city," etc., are equally objectionable. Short, characteristic names are preferred.—Kate Field's Washington.

## Meters for Measuring Electricity.

In a discussion on meters for measuring electrical energy it was shown that in the Frager meter the energy could be made from 300 to 400 times greater than that indicated by the meter by simply closing and opening the circuit at proper intervals. With a Thomson meter it was said to be very easy to force the readings with the aid of a strong magnet applied outside the meter boxes. Fraud is therefore very easily practiced upon such meters, provided one understands them.—New York Telegram.

## Making It Important.

A lecturer in Cork once began an address by remarking very solemnly: "Parents, you may have children, or if not your daughter may have," and concluded with, "There is no man, woman, or child in this audience who has arrived at the age of fifty years but has felt these mighty truths thundering through their minds for centuries."—Indianapolis News.

A commodious fireproof building has been erected in Rivington street, New York, by a wealthy woman, to be used as a lodging house for women. For fifteen cents a comfortable bed can be obtained. There are conveniences for washing and ironing in the building.

## LEFT FOR DEAD.

A Brave Though Luckless Hunter's Remarkable Escape from a Thief.

Some years ago, writes Henry Howe, the historian of the western pioneers, a party of trappers were on their way to the mountains, led, we believe, by old Sublette, a well known captain of such expeditions. Among them was John Glass, who had been all his life among the mountains, and had seen numberless exciting adventures and hairbreadth escapes. On the first expedition he and a companion were one day passing through a cherry thicket in the Black Hills when Glass described a large grizzly feeding on pignuts. He at once gave the alarm and both men crept toward the grizzly, and the thief took careful aim and fired their guns at the same moment. Both balls took effect, but not fatally. The bear, growling with pain and fury, charged upon his foes.

"Run for it, Bill," shouted Glass, "we will be the first of sure escape!" Both men bolted through the thicket, but the heavy brush obstructed their progress, while the weight and strength of the grizzly bore him on and he was soon close upon the men. They managed to get through the thicket, however, and were having across a little opening toward a bluff when Glass tripped and fell. Before he could rise the bear was upon him!

Glass did not lose his presence of mind, but discharged his pistol in the bear's face, the next moment the blood streaming from his nose and mouth, struck the pistol from his enemy's hand and, fixing his claws deep into the poor man's flesh, rolled with him to the ground. The hunter struggled manfully and drew his knife and plunged it several times into the body of the furious animal, who was tearing his face and body, but the knife was torn away and the bear, baring the bone in many places, Glass, weak from the loss of blood, at length dropped his knife and fell over in a faint.

Bill, who had watched the conflict up to this moment too badly dazed and terror-stricken to do anything, now thought Glass was dead, and ran to the camp with the awful tale. The captain took a man back to the spot with Bill. They found the bear dead and stiff, lying on the body of the unfortunate hunter, whom they likewise called dead. His body was torn and lacerated in a shocking manner, and his head, besides the three bullets in his body, bore the marks of twenty knife stabs, showing how desperately Glass had fought.

The two men collected their late comrade's arms, removed his hunting shirt and moccasins, and left him beside the carcass of the grizzly. They reported at the camp that they had killed him.

In a few days the hunters moved on, and soon the fate of poor Glass was in a measure forgotten. Months elapsed, the hunt was over and the trappers were returning with their packs to the trading fort. On their last evening out, just as they were about ready to camp, a horseman was discovered coming toward them, and when he drew near the hunters saw a lank, gaunt-looking man, with a face so scarred and disfigured that scarcely a feature was normal.

"Bill, my boy," called the stranger, as he came up, "I ought to be going under that time, did you? Hand over my horse and gun. I ain't dead yet by a long shot!"

What was the astonishment of the party to hear the well known voice of John Glass, whom they had supposed dead and buried! The men who had left him for dead, and thus made their report, were horrified.

Glass, it appeared, after the lapse of his long unconsciousness, he lived upon the carcass of the bear for several days, until he had regained sufficient strength to crawl, when, tearing off as much of the meat as he could carry, he crept down the river toward the fort. He had suffered much, but had reached the fort, eighty miles distant, alive, and concluded his story by declaring, "I'm as sick as a dog on an onion."

## Short Lived Craves.

This is a great country for craves. They sweep over the country like cyclones. Whence they come and whether they go man knoweth not. A few years ago the entire country was in the throes of the pedestrian craze. In every city, town and village hundreds of men were tramping around and around a sacred circle, while thousands of spectators applauded the dreary exhibition. Nobody walks now that way.

Next we had the roller skating craze, which affected both men and women. It, too, has gone glimmering, leaving a trail of broken bones in its wake. The bicycle craze is now upon us, and bid fair to become a chronic disease. The men have had the red necktie craze and recovered from it in time to laugh at the suspender craze of their big sisters. Another son loves her fads to death.—Exchange.

## Driving Out the Rabbit.

When the rabbit, which seems to be a great mischief maker in the folklore of most races, is identified by the aboriginal Chinese physician as the cause of a disease the "rabbit hunter" is summoned to drive the wicked animal out of the patient. Sometimes after a small portion still remains, "in the words of the formula, and accordingly the whirlwind attacks the tree tops to carry the remnant to the uplands, and there scatter it so that it shall never reappear.—Washington Star.

## Street Railways in Great Britain.

There are 963 miles of tramways opened for passengers in Great Britain. The whole network consists of 4,067 cars, and annual traction is still the favorite method. In 1891 2,000 horses were employed on 1,579 steam locomotives; 557,000,000 passengers were carried, and the receipts were \$16,411,000. The value of the tramways is about \$70,000,000. The value of the roads in the state of New York is \$73,000,000.—New York Sun.

## Black Costumes in Paris.

There is a black rage in Paris; it's the style to look as if you were in light mourning there, whether it's so or not. All the toilets one sees are black of some description or black and white—that is, all but the hats. A woman may go out heavily and solemnly robed in a garment that one would surely suppose to be worn as a token of grief until one's eyes reached the headgear, when its light and brilliant coloring would immediately dispel the effect. They're not a bit concerned in any Paris, else one might think they had at last reached a period of sobriety and common sense; that they had concluded to be more like their English sisters and settle down in quiet and more subdued colors. But when a woman wears a black gown and a hat containing several colors of the rainbow in bright display there is little foundation for the belief, after all.—Paris Letter.

## JOY FOR BALDHEADS.

An Invention That Promises to Make Life Worth Living for Many.

The wind has long been tempered to the shorn lamb, but the baldhead has had to take the blasts as they came. No special dispensations in the matter of weather have been made on his account. He has had to look out for himself, and the fact that he survives so generously is perhaps better evidence of his hustling ability than of his innate goodness. Why, no one appears able to tell; but certain it is that from time immemorial there has been one to do the baldhead reverence.

It will be remembered that when the original baldhead was making his way toward Bethel the children by the wayside requested him to "go up." This expression has no place in modern slang, but compliance with the child's demand involved a journey to Bethel, not down on our list of desirable labors. It is that as it may, the fact remains that the caput destitute of hairy adornment has all along been the butt for universal ridicule.

But it is a long lane which has no turning, and the baldhead's turn has come at last. Some enterprising philanthropist has invented a polish for the hairless crown which is warranted to turn it into a thing of beauty and joy forever. This blessing comes in the shape of a jelly which is easily applied by a barber and imparts to the already shining crown a sheen so brilliant that it dazzles the eyes and so smooth that upon no fly can gain a foothold.

Those who have never experienced the joys and sorrows of baldness may not be able to appreciate the value of this discovery. The value is there and the same. With a little care the polish can be made whiter and more perfect, and the baldhead man will no longer fall an easy prey to the influence laden breezes, while he can be down to dreams unbroken by the assaults of winged things. Surely the baldhead millennium is at hand.

The direct moral influence of this discovery cannot be overrated. With his gaudy tinsel crown protected from the attacks of envious Galsas the baldhead will recover from his tendency to ward the eye of uncharitable spectators, and he will even rise to the point of taking a frost-bait in the snowdrift in fly time. He will be the necessity for turning his back into a back upon which to bridle the gaudy domestic, etc., he will be able to turn his whole thought to the serene, thus setting a worthy example to the congregation which is following him, of which he has long stood in awe.

If there is justice in all things, the man who makes two blades of grass grow where one has grown before will have to take a back seat when the inventor of the polish for baldheads comes in for his reward.

Yes, these are